MENEVAL'S MEMOIRS.

NAPOLEON'S METHODS ILLUSTRATED BY THE CASE OF TALLEYRAND.

MEMOIRS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF EMOIRS ILLISTRATING THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON L. From 182 to 1815. By Baron Claude-François de Méneval, Private Secretary to Napoleon, First Consul and Emperor; Malire des Requêtes at the Council of State under the Empire: Officer of the Legion of Honor and of the Order of the Iron Crown; (Born in Paris in 1778, Died in the Same City in 1859). Edited by His Grandson, Baron Napoleon Joseph de Méneval, With Portraits and Autograph Let-ters, Volume II. Pp. 484. D. Appieton & Co.

One of the most significant passages in the first volume of Chancellor Pasquier's historical memoirs is to be found in his account of the cutting speech with which Napoleon disgraced Talleyrand after the Emperor's personal campaign in Spain. The volume in hand contains an allusion to the matter. Baron de Méneval was not present, but he heard of the incident from others, and he was aware of attendant circumstances which escaped the viligant eyes of the Prefect of Police of Paris. All Menevil's studies of the personages who surrounded Napoleon read as if the Emperor himself were making them. His dislikes and distrusts, as well as his preferences, are reflected by the man who was so long in his service as to be able to think his thoughts. He doubtless shared his master's suspicions respecting Talleyrand, who figures everywhere in this volume. There is hardly a passage in which the Prince de Bénévent is mentioned that does not cast light on the extraordinary methods of Napoleon in his treatment of men. He seems never to have cast off anybody if he could help it. Indeed, Baron de Méne val says as much. "No old servant," he remarks, "was ever dismissed until the Emperor had approved of the report addressed to him on the subject, and it was only on the second or third relapse that he agreed to dismissal. A poor devil of a coachman, whose constant state of intoxication rendered him incapable of doing his work, escaped being dismissed for a long time, because he had driven a wagon at the battle of Marengo." It was the same with men in higher life. Fouché, Pasquier's predecessor in the Prefecture of Police, and Bourrienne, Méneval's predecessor in the private secretaryship, were retained until they could be endured no longer; and Fouche, in particular, held his place long after he became dangerous to the Emperor. In such cases it must seem that Napoleon kept men beside him in pure indifference to their intrigues, because he was confident of his power to make use of them. Fouché was, indeed, associated with the beginnings of Napoleon's power, and the memory of this fact may have given him a share in "that feeling of instinctive benevolence which attached Napoleon to anybody o could invoke 'old times' before him." But it is certain that Napoleon, while he appreciated honesty and faithfulness, saw the justice of selfseeking in the officials of a government like his which depended solely on his own life and genius. An accidental snot might have done for him at any time what it did for Turenne on the morn of a victory, and then the vast organism which he held together by his single will must vanish. Playing for all or nothing himself, he frankly recognized the right of others to turn the game to their own advantage. Méneval indicates a belief that it was this conviction which led Napoleon to pass over without resentment the efforts of Murat to make a way for himself to the imperial throne. This affair in which Murat was apparently only the tool of Talleyrand and Fouche reminds the author of a characteristic anecdote. It shows that at least once the possibility of the throne suddenly becoming vacant was openly discussed. Fouché remarked that if such a contingency ever occurred, he "would take measures to get as much power

into his hands as possible." "You would do well," was Napoleon's significant reply. "It would be your right." The words were remembered, says Meneval. The way in which Murat's conspiracy was discovered exemplifies the risky politics of the time. According to Méneval-he does not put the assertion in the most positive form-it was the search for a famous pearl which had disappeared from the crown treasury of Spain that led to the discovery of Murat's letters and brought the 's knowledge. In times when such narrow chances had to be run, it was not wonderful that a man of Talleyrand's skill in diplomacy should have been always on the alert, nor that Napoleon should have employed him with eagerness and yet with suspicion. In this case also Napoleon had a pleasant memory of the past. When, as Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand had come to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under the Directoire, he was penetrating enough to foresee the future of General Bonaparte. "The First Consul and Emperor remembered this fact," says the Baron de Méneval, "and there perhaps lies the reason of the sympathy which Napoleon so long retained for Talleyrand. Even when guilty collusions, financial matters, and warnings given by foreign sovereigns obliged the Emperor to remove this minister's portfolio and to dismiss him from his councils, an instinctive liking drew him back toward him." But there was a strong bond of policy which held the two men together. Talleyrand was one of the most efficient agents whom Napoleon could secure for the work of conciliating the old nobility of France. Méneval denies, tacitly at least, that the aristocracy had a fascination for the self-made ruler. But Napoleon, as he says, wished to render himself responsible for everything that was distinguished in France. He meant to reorganize the nation on a plan opposed to the old feudalism and to efface the mutual jealousy of classes; but he "recognized the fact that, especially in his relations with the Governments of Europe, his ambassadors, if chosen from old families, would be better able to assume a part in the courts to which they were delegated, and that their affiliation to the freemasonry of aristocracy would be of real service to him." For the same reason he needed Talleyrand as Foreign Minister, though he had occasion, as Méneval asserts, to learn that important documents taken from the Foreign Office were communicated to foreign Powers. statement is referred to in this volume and not discredited that Talleyrand's friends by a misuse of information which they had obtained induced the English to make their memorable attack on Copenhagen. When the knowledge or the sus picion of these breaches of trust led to Talleyrand's removal from the ministry, Méneval's only regret-and here perhaps he echoes the after-

was able to use in a fatal manner against the Emperor." This point Meneval illustrates by a very explicit narrative of what took place behind the scenes at Erfurth on the occasion of the interview between Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander of Russia. He gives as the source of his knowledge the conversation of Talleyrand, and he alludes to the latter's memoirs, but not in a way to assure one that he knew more of these than the passages published in his day. In his opinion it was a fatal error on Napoleon's part to allow Talleyrand to go to Erfurth; but the Emperor seemed to feel that he could not dispense with the services of his former Minister, who combined with diplomatic skill an infimate knowledge of his political views. It is possible to imagine that Napoleon trusted to his own astuteness to discover if the wily statesman was playing him false. But from the point of view of a hearty Bonapartist it must seem as it did to Méneval that "Napoleon's indulgence toward such persons as Bernadotte, Talleyrand and Fouché cannot be explained in a way likely to satisfy what

thought of Napoleon himself-was that he was

not excluded from public affairs altogether. But

Méneval was plainly thinking not of France, but

only of loyalty to Napoleon, for he adds as his

reason for wishing the utter disgrace of Talley-

rand, that "the way in which he had managed

to ingratiate himself with certain sovereigns

gave him powerful sources of influence which he

it is conventional to call public opinion. Napo leon's elemency encouraged such characters to do fresh wrongs, which the Emperor forgot, only remembering the services which they had rendered him." At Erfurth Talleyrand, every morning at the levee, had a confidential talk with Napoleon, and every night after the theatre explained matters to the Czar at the house of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis. The reader is given to suppose that Napoleon disclosed his whole purpose at the morning talk and that in the evening Talleyrand carefully instructed the Autocrat in the meaning of every ambiguous proposition that was likely to be made to him on the morrow. We shall see in a moment that Méneval ascribed Talleyrand's plotting in Paris. We are asked to believe that the man who could see so far when in the Peninsula could not see what happened aimost under his feet at Erfurth. Talleyrand is represented not only as making himself useful to Napoleon in Spain an intimate knowledge of is represented not only as making himself useful to the Czar, but also as serving Austria through an envoy who came surreptitiously and in diplo matic disguise to the imperial council to which the Emperor of Austria was not invited. It is permissible to believe that Napoleon was not so easily hoodwinked as Méneval indicates, that Talleyrand indulged in a little boasting that was safe enough and even profitable after the Restoration, but that the real mistake of the Empero of the French was in exaggerating his own influence over the mind of the wonderful mystic who happened to occupy the Russian throne. Talleyrand could charm with his wit and in flame with his conjectures the mind of Alexander but he could never have repeated to him from Napoleon's lips anything more than the latter wished to be repeated. He could say, with all the appearance of truth, that he hoped by arousing the vigilance of Russia and Austria to do : service to Napoleon, who was, in his opinion, fly ing dangerously high, and that he deemed this a patriotic duty to France; but he could say this just as well if he enlightened the Hapsburg and the Romanoff with his own astute surmises as

if he disclosed the secret communications of

Whatever view one may take of the affair at Erfurth, Napoleon's reputation for omniscience suffers. But in the Spanish game which culminated, so far as the relations of Talleyrand to the Emperor were concerned, in the violent speech referred to at the outset, he was dealing with a Parisian cabal and he knew just what to expect. It is significant, in the light of the varied explanations which have been given of Talleyrand's influence, that Méneval omits the very simple one respecting his mental It was he that put in a sentence the policy of France in Spain. While the Emperor was discussing now one plan, now another, taking time to reflect, Talleyrand hinted that the Spanish dynasty must be changed, since the one in power could be useful only to England. The advice was adapted to Napoleon's ambition in behalf of his family. Nevertheless, it was not agreed to without a show of reluctance. and then it was seen to be the only logical course, if Napoleon was to interfere in Spain at all. Napoleon's own confusion of mind becomes more evident in Méneval's account of that fa- duce borrowed ideas in a form wholly new. But mous letter to the Grand Duke of Berg (Murat) they were borrowed all the same, which was never received nor even sent, but has Southey was also a borrower. But he took figured in history both as a genuine letter and as | pains in most cares to acknowledge the debt forgery. The draft varies in minor points from | Subsequent criticism on his more serious works Napoleon's style, but Méneval, whose opinion | took a curious turn. There are books in ever must be taken in such a case as practically in- generation which sell at a tremendous rate for fallible, maintains that it has a most authentic a few years and are never heard of afterward character. "There are details and allusions in One of the most extraordinary examples of this this letter," he adds, "which nobody but himself evanescent popularity is furnished by Pomfret's (Napoleon) could have known without having "Choice," a poem published at the very close been initiated to the ensemble of his wast con- the seventeenth century, which was read by ception and his most secret thoughts." The let- everybody at the time and so neglected by er was a very complete memorandum of what everybody afterward that Birkbeck Hill, the Murat was to do for the conquest and pacifica- biographer of J hason, opined in recent years tion of Spain. But the trouble was that the that he was perhaps the only man now living plan it embodied was in direct opposition to who had read it. If his statement was so sweepall the dispatches sent by the Emperor to Murat ing, he was mistaken. But in any case Poinfre both before and after the date of March 29, 1808. "Choice" remains to show that a book than which was put upon it. Méneval supposes that which "no composition in our language has been it was only one of many plans which the Em- oftener perused"-to use Dr. Johnson's words peror thought of and cast aside. That it reached the public Méneval holds to be the work at popularity, then, is no adequate test of the of Talleyrand, though he puts his view of the value of a book. But it was made a criterion matter in the form of a question. Meanwhile, by which to judge Southey's history of Brazi as things went from bad to worse in Spain, the And the fact that this work has never been Emperor decided to undertake a campaign there popular from the day it was published until the in person. Up to the hour of his departure he present moment has been used as if it were was in daily consultation with Talleyrand; and yet, if Méneval is right, the man who was afterward so communicative in Erfurth crossed the Pyrenees without leaving a soul in Paris who

knew his purposes. No sooner was Napoleon's back turned than the feeling of doubt about the future of the Empire began to show itself. He was kept well informed of what was going on in Paris and could easily picture to himself those intely bitter encmles, Talleyrand and Fouche, now going about arm in arm speculating on the possibility of his death. He felt sure, according to Méneval, that Talleyrand, anticipating the Emperor's assassination by a fanatical monk or a wayside ambuscade, "had thought of the formation of a Government council, the organization of which in case of need was quite ready to be carried into execution." But the bitterest provocation was that Talleyrand sought to shift from his own shoulders all responsibility for the killing of the Duc d'Enghien. Napoleon's rage grew with the constraint which he put upon it, but at last in the Privy Council "the dam burst," to use Méneval's expressive words, "the immobility of the patient, the impassiveness of his features, provoked Napoleon's anger to the point that he forgot his imperial dignity and threatened Taileyrand with his fist. The paroxysm of his indignation, having reached its climax, fell by its own excess, and Napoleon, tired of dashing himself against this impassive face, gave in."

Billeyrand had no real feeling of dignity, and forgotten this scene. There was a Drawing-room at Court on the morrow, which happened to be a Sunday. One of the Ministers, the Duke de Gaete-Guadin, who had been charged by the Emperor with some work that was wanted at once, had devoted this Sunday to finishing it. Remembering that Napoleon liked his Ministers to attend the Court regularly, he decided that he might sacrifice an hour in the accomplishment of this duty. The Minister of Finances accordingly went to the Tuileries early with the intention of placing himself near the door by which the Emperor duty. The Minister of Finances accordingly went to the Tuileries early with the intention of placing himself near the door by which the Emperor would enter so as to be free to withdraw after having saluted him and to return to his work. The Minister arrived at the Palace before any-body else and whilst the rooms were being lighted he wanted to cross the throne-room and place himself where it would be easiest for him to make his escape as he had intended. What was his surprise to see Prince de Bénévent statiding alone by the fireplace. A feeling of shame for the man who had so quickly forgotten the humilisation which he had undergone the day before, and his embarrassment at finding himself alone with him after the scene which he had witnessed, prompted the Duke de Gaete to go back into the adjoining drawing-room, where he spent his time waiting for the throne-room to fill up so that he might cross it without coming face to face with adjoining drawing-room, where he spent his time waiting for the throne-room to fill up so that he might cross it without coming face to face with Prince de Bénévent in walking up and down. From the position where he had placed himself he was the first to salute the Emperor. His curiosity, however, detained him. Napoleon, according to his custom, walked around the room, holding his snuffbox, from which he frequently helped himself, in his hand, conversing with the persons who were standing in the front rank. On reaching the person who was standing on the left of Prince de Bénévent, who had remained rooted to the spot which he had occupied from the beginning near the fireplace, the Emperor addressed some words to him, passed by Talleyrand with averted head, and stopped before the person on the latter's right hand. On the following Sunday, without being in the least disconcerted, Talleyrand placed himself again in the Emperor's way, and seeing his neighbor hesitate at a question put to him by Napoleon, answered for him, forcing the Emperor's attention. The ice having been broken in this way, Talleyrand took every opportunity of attracting Napoleon's attention, who in spite of the characteristic attributed to his countrymen, was unable to bear a grudge, because the feeling of his own power and the superiority of his mind over pefty passions rendered him naturally indulgent.

The last sentence is in substance the refrain of all Méneval's reference to the treatment which Napoleon accorded to those who crossed him. He shows that Madame de Staël and other women who opposed the Empire were not exiled without delay, and he gives many examples of the ebuilient spirits of Professor Wilson, for the kindness to individuals. This volume carries the narrative enward to the beginning of the disastrous campaign in Russia. Minute as the memoirs are in the matter of detail, they are of absorbing interest. The volume is ornamented | self-taught expert in geology; of Gray, the finwith a portrait of the Empress Josephine, whose | ical university poet; of Fox, the Quaker apostle; divorce from Napoleon is described with some hesitation and with less fulness than other episodes of the Emperor's career.

SOUTHEY AND HIS LAKES.

A BOOK ABOUT A FAMOUS REGION.

There is a significant note on a fly leaf at the end of the second volume of Mr. Rawnsley's interesting work. The volumes are so arranged that each is complete in itself. But there is map of the Lake Country in the first volume for which purchasers of the second volume must pay a sum additional. The book might well have been bound in a single cover. In lieu of a better reason one may well take the separation into two to be a concession to a very vulkar prejudice. It seems that the majority of those persons who read are still supposed to be afflicted with that dislike of Southey which has been one of the literary diseases of the present generation. Possibly they are. How difficult it is to cure an abnormal tendency is well known to physicians, particularly if the disease is one that affects the The simple fact of the case was the Southey knew more in a minute than m his acquaintances in Westmoreland-Coleridge, Wordsworth and De Quincey included-ever learned. Of course, one will be told what a Greek De Quincey was. The answer is pat that in the entire mass of his essays on Greek topics there is only one that contains a thoroughly original idea; and the writer of this article would not concede as much as that if he could lay his hands on all the books and articles that have been written in Germany about Herodotus. De Quincey was an unconscionable "cribber," and he had the advantage due to the form in which most of his writing was put, that he was not obliged to own his debts. The man who could calmly cut pages out of a book, whatever its value or whoever owned it, because he found in them useful material, was capable of any sort of literary depredations. Not but what Be Quincey adorned everything he touched. To do this is the privilege and the merit of the all-round man of letters. He was unquestionably right in one of the few instances where he acknowledged in a straightforward way his indebtedness to a German author, in saying that he washed the wretch's face and made him presentable in English society. But it was the very perfection of ill-manners for him to say so in the face of the man who furnished him every idea he on the theme he took in hand. His infinite fund of language made it possible for him to repro-

proof that it lacked permanent value. No greater mistake could be made. The man who should attempt to write even a sketch of the history of Brazil, now or in the future, without consulting Southey's work, would simply display his incapacity. The book lives in footnotes and allusions, an immortality denied to the majority of prose works; and it will probably be quoted when its critics have been forgotten even in those come teries of literature, the biographical dictionaries "The Doctor" and the "Commonplace Book" have cheaply fitted out many an ingrate with learning. These are only suggestions of what might be said for Southey on the one point of his laborious study. It is useless to defend his poetry at the present except in narrow circles. But the longer pieces will in the end prove to be their own justification. Southey had a conception of epic form which will be useful to the poets who will come to rejuvenate English poetry now falling into sentility and decay. He is a man to be studied by those who hope to do something which has not already been done to death. Tennyson and Wordsworth may be said to have exhausted the possibilities of the poetle art in all the fields which they cultivated. imitator of either will find that he has been either a bad Tennyson and a bad Wordsworth or that he has been a complete failure. To follow the lines which they have marked out and yet to do something novel is impossible, because they have worked out all the metrical problems that were presented to them. It is still an open question, or at least a disputed question, as to the tendency of the musical wordiness of Tennyson's successors; but it is not at all irrational to surmise that Swinburne and Rossetti and Morris and a few others have practically exhausted the resources of English in their own special vine yards. The future is largely a matter of expertment, and the student of Southey has a chance of doing something unusual, even if he fails to hit the popular taste, which, judging from the reports of both poets and critics, is almost invariably wrong when it comes to deciding on a novelty. Southey's most obvious technical de fect is a diction which comes nearer to that of a "Times" leader of half a century ago than it does to that of any poet living or dead. It is no wonder that he was offered a place on "The Thunderer." He would never have needed a schedule of forbidden words, and his essays would probably have been printed just as they were writ ten. But from the modern point of view there is this to be said, that every decade brings the world nearer to the rough and ready speech of the newspaper. The studious dallying of Shenstone, the elaborate profundity of Johnson, the spiritual figurations of Shelley, the rustic but pretentious simplicity of Wordsworth, the singular crystallizations of Tennyson are things of the past. The whole tendency of the present-regret it as we may-appears to be toward a levelling of the speech of eloquence and poetry with that of everyday life. Southey is the prophet of the day when the words of the highest poetry and the plainest prose will be iden-

old and young, of Southey and Wordsworth were at one time or another drawn to a region which is bounded by the Irish Sea on the west, by a line from east to west north of Wigton, by another in the same direction south of Lancaster, and by a third conecting these two paralleis with a north and south line east of Appleby and Sedbergh. It ought to be easy from this description to draw a red line around the whole Lake District in England. It takes in more than the country of Southey and a vast deal more than the haunts of Wordsworth. There is room there for the dreamy vagarles of De Quincey, for

It happens that nearly all the contemporaries,

self-accusation of Coleridge, for the melancholy merriment, as light as thistledown, of his son Hartley, for the immethodical carefulness of Dorothy Wordsworth; for the activities of Otley, the and even of Lamb, the Cockney seduced against his will to desert the artificial irregularity of London streets. It is simply impossible to go
over the list of those who from far back in Ensover the list of those who from far back in Enslish history have had something to do with the region diversified by such stretches of water as Bassenthwaite, Uliswater, Derwentwater, Crummockwater, Ennerdale, Wastwater, Thirlmere, Haweswater, Windermere, Coniston Water, Crasmere, and others too numerous to name There are to be seen the peak of Skiddaw, the precipices of Helvellyn, and innumerable passes that made the timid little dandy poet Gray tremble for his life. The world has changed. People have travelled so much in fancy or in fact that eloquence about Skiddaw seems like a waste of words. But it is just the wonderful variety of scene on so small a stage that gives this English lake region its charm in song and story. poet or the romancer does not need great lakes and stupendous mountains. He can imagine the magnitude if he has before his eyes a picturesque model. Manifestly-the testimony is extant in innumerable volumes of prose and verse-these lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, Lancashire and Cumberland furnish all the inspiration

that is needed. It is refreshing in the midst of all the description and quotation to find that the author is capable of doing full justice to the memory of Southey. There is, perhaps, an extra emphasis on the fact that the sometime laureate developed from a very unpromising Radical into a good churchman; but there is no more eloquent passage in the two volumes than the one which is devoted to the character of Southey as a man who did good among his fellowmen. Coleridge seems to have needed a bodfly stimulant to ac complish anything; Wordsworth was rustic enough to be jealous of any praise that he did not absorb; but Southey could go through life doing more than he was obliged to for his neigh- O'KEEFE, THE DRAMATIST-THE GRAVES OF bors without a thought that his self-abnegation meant anything in particular.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Mary Wilkins has written a new story with the suggestive title, "A New-England Prophet." It is to appear in "Harper."

third volume of the "Meneval Memoirs"-the cond volume of which is reviewed in another column-is coming from the press. It ends with St. Helena, and is said to tell a dramatic story

Another important record of the Napoleonic period is announced in Paris, .a .he shape of the "Meof Barras," the famous member of the Directory The MS has just been placed in the publisher's hands by the writer's family. The work is to be issued in four volumes, and is reported to be full of picturesque details. We are told that the author claims to have discovered and in a measure made

It is worth while to note what so brilliant a veteran as George Meredith thinks is "the best dialogue he has seen in contemporary writers." It is that which he has found in the short stories of Anthony Hope (Hawkins)-stories which are about to be republished in book form under the title of

In the interesting series of Lowell's letters Poe, published in the August "Scribner," we find sentences: "The Boston people want a little independent criticism vastly. I know that we I not agree exactly, but we should at least sympathize. You occasionally state a critical and innocent pleasure that are in the world, proposition from which I dissent, but I am always | and how foolish it is not to rejoice while yet the satisfied. I care not a straw what a man says, if I see that he has his grounds for it, and knows thoroughly what he is talking about. cut me up as much as you pleased, and I should read what you said with respect and with a great ore of satisfaction than most of the praise I get affords me."

Few people know that the late Professor George John Romanes was in some sort a poet. Testimony to this effect is given by "The Monist," which presents this specimen-on "The Immortality that is of Professor Romanes's verse;

The said that memory is life.
And that though dead, men are alive;
Removed from sorrow, care, and strife.
They live because their works survive.
And some find sweetness in the thought That immortality is now:
That though our earthly parts are brought
To reunite with all below.
The spirit and the life yet live
In future lives of all our kind.
And, acting still in them, can give
Eternal life to every mind. mortality is now

The web of things on every side Is joined by lines we may not see:
And, great or narrow, small or wide,
What has been governs what shall be.
No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran, No storm that raged, no thought the But leaves a track upon the clay Which slowly hardens into man; And so, amid the race of men. No change is lost, seen or unseen; And of the earth no denizen Shall be as though he had not been.

In his pleasant little speech at the banquet lately given, partly in his honor, by the Authors' Club in London, Mr. Rudyard Kipling told his hosts that they had done him a very big honor indeed, and he did not know in what words he could thank them for they were all men of his own business and trade, and they knew how very much a man va the opinion of his fellow professionals. But they also knew that in those things that brought a luck the little things that carried his work for ward, that touched, came from the outside. Man could take no credit for his best work; it came At the same dinner Mr. H. H. Johnston, the Afri can explorer, invoked a Kipling for Africa, on the ground that she presented such unique opportunities for a writer with her high contrasts between utte savagery and civilization. "You sometimes found," he said, "a stockade decorated with newly stuck up human heads not half a mile from a mission sta tion with crochet antimacassars."

Mr Swinburne's next book is to be a collection of his recent essays. It will soon be published.

don "Literary World" "the most beautiful woman in literature.

Mr. Gladstone has written a paper on "The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church." It is to appear in "The Nineteenth Century."

There is a note concerning "Pickwick" in the English "Church Times" which will interest the Dickens lover. It is contributed by a gentleman who, while making a purchase, fell into talk with the shop-keeper, and discovered that the latter was the son of the proprietor of the Great White Horse "I was on the alert in a moment, writes the traveller, "'It was there,' I said, 'that Mr. Pickwick went after Jingle, after leaving Bury. 'It was, sir.' 'And it is quite clear,' I went on, 'tha for some reason Dickens did not like the Horse, for he slates it right and left,' 'Dickens, was the reply, 'did his best to ruin the house, bu he really made its fortune. Hundreds of people have been there to see it after reading about it. But I can tell you a curious thing about it. It was Dickens's own mistake about going into the w bedroom. There is a sort of triangle on the top o the stairs, and there are two doors just alike he went in where some people were in bed, and they roared out at him and ne boilted all in confusion. He went on to tell me that the room is still called Mr. Pickwick's room, and that it is 'No. 16. same evening in the coffee-room of the Angel we met a party, one member of which was known to me as a literary character, and he told us that they had just come from Ipswich, and that they had been to the Great White Horse, and he had slept in Mr. Pickwick's room. 'Number sixteen?' said I. 'The very one,' was the answer. Of course after that I read to my little party evening the adventure with the middle-aged lady with the curl papers, and most exhilarating the laughter which it produced.

There is an odd little note on Catherine of Russia in the reminiscences of J. de Sanglen, a Russian official, lately published in Germany. De Sangle relates that the Empress abolished all ceremony during the evening receptions she used to give at the "Hermitage," and sometimes ordered a game of "cutting faces," in which she herself had great ability, making comic grimaces, or rapidly raising and sinking her left ear, which she could move almost like an animal

A new volume of the "Journal" of the De Gon court Brothers has just been published by the survivor of the pair. It deals mostly with living people, and deals with them with exceeding frank-

"Q." otherwise Mr. Quiller Couch, is writing a story of Cornwall, to be called "Dozmare," after its heroine, a fisher girl. He is about to publish a volume of critical essays, and is, moreover, preparing an anthology of Elizabethan lyrics.

The English-reading world has hitherto beer spared a literal translation of M. Zola's works; much which may be found in the originals have been omitted in the English versions. But now the Lutetian Society has awakened to the fact there is not so much dirt in the language as there might be, and it has arranged for a series of complete and unabridged translations. These are to be published in artistic style in a limited edition, and at a high price.

Zola's new book, "Lourdes," is said to have had tremendous success in France. claims that this story "is impartial, respectful and

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's mother has captured by an Australian "Interviewer," who has extracted from her the information that since her on published his "Footnote to History," he has been at daggers drawn with the English and German officials and visitors at Samoa, and now sees

but few people. "The Good Ship Mohock" is the taking title of Mr. Clark Russell's forthcoming novel.

"The Duchess's" new book, "Peter's Wife," is on the Lippincott press.

RELIC AND REVERIE.

A TRAVELLER'S DISCOVERIES.

PAMOUS ACTORS-WALNS IN LONDON-OLD LANDMARKS - GOLDSMITH AND GREEN ARBOR COURT-CURIOUS AUTOGRAPHS.

London, June 25, In the visitors' book at the old Black Swan in York I read the following comprehensive and

significant words, appended to his name by a previous guest: "Arrived at 5. Left at 5:05 Found all correct." There is a rapid way of looking at the world, with which many traveller appear to be contented, but it may be doubted whether the rapid way is always the wise way Places no doubt there are through which the pligrim should pass with all convenient speed but, as a rule, every place, in an old-country, a place of interest. That is especially true of England, where so much has been lost and won, so much done and suffered, such hallowing charms of poetry and such a wealth of historic action diffused on every hand, that every countryside has its traditions, every temple its relics, and every city, town, and hamlet its legends, as sociations, and subtle and mysterious romance And certainly every place has its surpriseg-as could not choose but think when, in the of a lonely walk in old Southampton, I found, in what they denominate "Back of the Walls." the burial-place of that paragon of humor. John O'Keefe. No merrier soul ever bore the burdens of earthly life, and even to come near his ashes was to be reminded of the joy and sunshine light endures. John O'Keefe was the planeer in that movement against the sentimental drama in England which culminated in the success of Goldsmith, Colman the younger, and Sheridan; and as a disciple of the dramatic art I felt that I had come upon the shrine of a benefactor. Everybody remembers "Wild Oats," but few people know that the author of that fine comedy.and of about fifty others,-rests in an almost squalld corner of Southampton-that picturesque but slighted port of entry through which every body rushes, and in which nobody is supposed to find a pleasure or a thought. He was an Irishman, born in Dublin in 1746; he had his career as actor and author; he went blind about 1800 he enjoyed a small pension during the last few years of his life, and he died in 1833, in his eightyseventh year, and was buried in All Saints' ground, in the parish of St. Lawrence, I had passed many days in solitary rambling about Southampton, and had thoroughly explored it: vet even then I stumbled upon a novelty: and many novelties. I doubt not, still remain to be

It was a surprise to find the grave of O'Keefe

in that obscure nook in Southampton; and yet it should not have been surprising-for the graves of English actors are scattered far and wide over the land. Susanna Cibber, Anne Brace. girdle, Anne Oldfield, Anne Street (successively Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Crawford). Thomas Betterton, Spranger Barry, Barton Booth, Samuel Foote, David Garrick, and John Henderson were buried in Westminster Abbey, or in its cloisters; Mrs. Siddons and Miss Murray at Paddington, near the old parish church; Estcourt. Haines, King, Kynaston, Macklin and Wilks at Covent Garden Church; Nell Gwyn and John Bannister at the Church of St. Martin-inthe-Fields; Suett in St. Paul's Cathedral precinct; Edmund Kean at Richmond (his grave is immediately under a closet, in the church porch in which are now kept the brooms and dustpans); the elder Mathews at Plymouth; Mosson, Egerton, and Blanchard at Chelsea: Powell and Mountfort in the Church of St. Clement-le-Dane; Mme. Vestris and Macready at Kensal Green: John Edwin in St. Werbugh's churchyard; Mrs. Bland in St. Margaret's, Westminster; John Palmer at Wooton, near Liverpool; Quin, at Bath Abbey: Elliston at St. John's Church, Waterloo Road, London: Mrs. Crouch at Brighton: Laura Honey at Hampstead: Tom D'Urfey in the ground of St. James's, London, near the Jermyn street gate; Mrs. Davenport, Adelaide Neilson, Benjamin Webster and Harry Beckett at Brompton Cemetery; Dora Jordan at St. Cloud; John Kemble at Lausanne; and George Frederick Cooke in the churchyard of St. Paul's, at New-York. These are but a few of the once admired and honored sovereigns of theatrical popularity. Each year adds to the dismal record: and yet it is not altogether dismal,-for however much those fading names may bespeak the evanescence of all achievement in art, at least they teach us, since each succeeding period brings its princes of the hour, that the line of genius runs unbroken through all the ages, and that art can never die. All the incitations to effort that man has devised serve only to employ his active faculties. He still keeps doing, and that is all-for in this world there are n permanent results. All is change. The spirit. the vital spark which passes away, the something for which art is at once occupation, expression and sustainment-that alone endures; and there alone will any permanence be found. Many a week in London has taught me that

same lesson, and much have I written about those London walks-as the kind reader is aware. Not many days ago I went into Gough Square, to look for the last time upon the home of Dr Johnson. One side of the square had already been demolished, and the busy hand of improvement was even then visibly at work. The house of the great scholar will soon disappear, and with it will pass away a spring of many memories, well calculated to please and exalt a thoughtful mind. The past cannot, in material things, withstand the present. This is a very vital age, and one by one the London places associated with great names in English literature are changed beyond recognition and utterly destroyed. The sumptuous new palace hotel which has just been opened, near the end of the Broad Walk, at Kensington, star ds on the site of that old

Grayhound Inn which Thackeray has so arths associated with the conspiracy in "Esn Thackeray's old residence in Yonge street, Kee Thackeray's old residenced, and soon will be the Some years have passed now since the front the Byron house, in Piccadilly (129, where dwells Sir Algernon Borthwick), was so much change that the observer could never recognize it for the place that Byron knew. "So runs the world away." In my book of "Shakespeare's England" originally published in the form of sketche h The Tribune, an engraving on page 184, shoe Green Arbor Court, which was once the abode of Goldsmith. An old resident of London, seeing it, has sent to me an interesting note, which at persons who care for the study of literary as tiquities will be glad to read:-

tiquities will be glad to read:—

The three top windows on the right side, a clese the three top windows facing the specials light Goldsmith's floor. One of the rooms neares the angle, whether the last room on the side of the central building, was his. I have one been in both rooms, and, indeed, in all the room on these corresponding floors. I was well as quainted with these floors just beneath the site story, before the buildings were razed, to cless the site for the Snow Hill Station of the London and Dover Railway. This operation story, before the buildings were razed, to can the site for the Snow Hill Station of the London. Chatham and Dover Railway. This operation involved the demolition of the old "Break-Ned steps," a steep double set of stairs, two abrustights with a tanding midway. My memory may not be relied upon about the landing, however, leading from the court into a lane running down into Farringdon street. The name of the lane have forgotten. Formerly these steps ran down to the channel or vailey of the Fleet Riverist the eastern bank of that stream. That lane was absorbed long ago in the railway premises. The entrance to Break-Neck steps is shown in the entrance to Break-Neck steps is shown in the entrance to Break-Neck steps is shown in the entrance to Break-Neck steps in shown in the entrance to Break-Neck steps is shown in the ent trian, but, about hair a century ago, the corpor-tion substituted wooden rails, rounded an smooth, fixed by stanchions to the walls, which rose sheer, on each side, to a great height, and in course of time these rails became finely po-ished by the innumerable hinder garments of the little boys who used to amuse themselves by sliding down them. The memory of Goldsmith especially survives

the Temple,-where once he dwelt and where sm they show his grave-and to walk there at night is to think of that gentle spirit and of the rea legacy of beauty that his genius bequeathed The gardens of the Temple, at all times peaceful are more than ever peaceful between mi and dawn. Whoever walks there, whether be day or night, finds his thoughts allured to adistant past. The Temple was the abode of the Knights Templar but after the extinction of the order it was bought by lawyers (in 1340) and converted into inns. Temple Bar, where now the Griffin stands, was built in 1672, and then Esset House, which lay outside of the Bar and which was a part of the residence, was called the Outer Temple, while the parts which lay within the Bar became known as the Middle Temple and the Inner Temple. Essex House, the abode of that unfortunate nobleman who rose against Quee Elizabeth and who perished beneath the are a 1601, was long ago demolished; but the Inner and the Middle Temple remain, together with & Mary's, the ancient and beautiful church of the Templars.-in which was formerly heard the ele quent voice of Sherlock. That estate has propered in the hands of the lawyers. New buildings have been erected, and luxurious chambes, as well as some that are only quaint and homely are there enjoyed, but the aspect of the place & now almost exclusively modern.

Two relies that I saw at Stratford ought ran ticularly to be named. One was shown to me by Sir Arthur Hodgson, of Clofton -- a prayer-book having on its title-page the autograph of its former owner, Ambrose Rokewood, one of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. At Cloffes Rokewood lived, just before the discovery of that iniquitous plot, and to Clofton his prayer-book had found its way. The handwriting is quaint, characteristic and handsome, and the book-4 beautiful piece of printing-is in perfect condition The other relic was a copy, in the handwriting of Dr. Johnson, of the letter that he sent to Dr. Dod on the night before that unfortunate clergman was hanged for forgery (June 27, 1777). The document will be found in Boswell's Life. The copy is the property of Alderman Bird, of Sintford, to whose grandfather it was given by Dt. Johnson; and equally in its clear and firm handwriting its perfect composure of benignant semost superb example on record of absolute resp nation to another man's woe. Dr. Johnson was a philosopher, and certainly he never displayed that interesting fact more conspicuously that when he wrote to Dr. Dod. Warwickshire is rich in me mentoes. Among the relies preserved at Warwick Castle are a helmet that was worn by Olive Cromwell, and a cast of his face, after death; armor that was worn by Montrose; portraits & Anne Boleyn and her sister Mary (the only one of the latter lady known to exist); a trunk that was the property of Queen Anne; Vandykrs equestrian portrait of Charles the First; and a life-like and very powerful picture of Wentwork the great Earl of Strafford, whom Charles 8 strangely and so meanly sacrificed, and who felbeneath the Puritan axe, on Tower Hill, W. W.

AN EXPLODED BELIEF.

WOMEN CAN SHARPEN PENCILS AFTER ALL Among what are supposed to be the few universally admitted truths is this: A woman canoni sharpen a lead pencil. It seems to be almost that the ministerial brotherhood would call "unsettling to say it, but this is not a truth after all, even it is universally admitted; a woman can sharpen a lead pencil. There is in a far downtown office a charming young woman, as many such there be ill far downtown offices. The other day a visits noticed that her lead pencil was exceptionally well

"Who sharpens your lead pencils for you?" is

'Nobody-do it myself," answered the young lab with great decision.

The visitor arched his eyebrows and looked as by

credulous as he knew how.
"If you don't believe it I'll sharpen yours for you." said the young lady with a note of defiance in he

The visitor produced a somewhat battered-loc pencil which he had just borrowed from a fried. She took it in her left hand with the point aimed at the ceiling, and then from some mysterious part In her desk produced one of the most formidable carpenter's chisels which it had ever been the the visitor to meet. It must have been at least # teen inches long, and the blade could not have best less than an inch and a quarter wide. Without the least hesitation she applied the chisel to the peak and began shaving off siless of wood around the point. Before the visitor regained control of the organs of speech she handed the pencil back in him, sharpened better than he could have done in the could have done in th

himself.

"Are we, or are we not, fit to vote?" asked to young lady archly.

"Vote!" cried the astonished visitor. "Why, reare fit to conduct a ward primary."

And the young lady put ner chisel away smiled with a superior air.

MATCHMAKING MAMMAS IN TROUBLE. From The London Daily News.

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Father John Sergieff, of Cronstadt, is probably (writes our Odessa correspondent) the most universally popular priest in the Russian Orthodos Sally popular priest in the Russian Orthodos Church. His prayers and benedictions are beought by the grievously sick and unfortunate in nearly by the grievously sick and unfortunate in nearly by telegraph, so implicit is the public confidence reports of the property of the p